Dombe shew.

Enter at one dore Pericles *talking with* Cleon, *all the traine with them: Enter at an other dore, a Gentleman with a Letter to* Pericles, Pericles *shewes the Letter to* Cleon; Pericles *giues the Messenger a reward, and Knights him: Exit* Pericles *at one dore, and* Cleon *at an other.*

Good *Helicon* that stayde at home,
Not to eate Hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he striue
To killen bad, keepe good aliue:
And to fulfill his prince desire,
Sau'd one of all, that haps in *Tyre*:
How *Thaliart* came full bent with sinne,
And hid in Tent to murdred him;
And that in *Tharsis* was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest:
He doing so, put foorth to Seas;
Where when men been, there's seldome ease,
For now the Wind begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes such vnquiet, that the Shippe,
Should house him safe; is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) hauing all lost,
By Waues, from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapend but himselfe;
Till Fortune tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him a shore, to giue him glad:
And heere he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the text.

Enter Pericles wette.

Peri. Yet cease your ire you angry Starres of heauen,
Wind, Raine, and Thunder, remember earthly man
Is but a substaunce that must yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.

Alasse,

Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks,
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffize the greatnesse of your powers,
To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes;
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Heere to haue death in peace, is all hee'le craue.

Enter three Fisher-men.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What Patch-breech, I say.
3. What say you Maister?
1. Looke how thou stirr'st now:

Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion.

3. Fayth Maister, I am thinking of the poore men,

That were cast away before vs euen now.

1. Alasse poore soules, it grieued my heart to heare,

What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could scarce helpe our selues.

3. Nay Maister, sayd not I as much,

When I saw the Porpas how he bounst and tumbled?
They say they're halfe fish, halfe flesh:
A plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be washt.
Maister, I maruell how the Fishes liue in the Sea?

1. Why, as Men doe a-land;

The great ones eate vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers to nothing so fitly,
As to a Whale; a playes and tumbles,
Dryuing the poore Fry before him,
And at last, deuowre them all at a mouthfull:
Such Whales haue I heard on, a'th land,
Who neuer leaue gaping, till they swallow'd
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.

Per. A prettie morall.

3. But Maister, if I had been the Sexton,

I would haue been that day in the belfrie.

2. Why, Man?